The NORTHERN

LESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIX., No. 25. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1894. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

SANTA CLAUS. By J. R. Reid.

SANTA CLAUS'S CHIEF CLERK.

Never will the children give up the orthodox Santa Claus, the jolly, fat old saint with a pack on his back and his reindeer team. But which of them does not take note of the large army of assistants whom the clever old general stations all over the land. Which of them is not delighted, as the season comes round, to take his or her turn as one of these assistants, or even as the assistant's lieutenant. Our reproduction of the painting 'Santa Claus,' by Mr. John R. Reid, will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of all.

NOTICE.

With this number of the 'Messenger,' we enclose for the convenience of our workers an addressed envelope and a blank list for subscribers' names, which we hope will soon be returned to us well filled. Those subscribers whose subscription expires with this year will also find enclosed a notice to that effect.

THE MATCHLESS CHILD.

By Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D.

Births have been signal. Yet angels never but once sang when a child was born. Rare gifts have been brought in honor of infant babes. Yet never but once did wise men from the far East follow a star westward, seeking a new-born King. Children have worn great names. But no child was ever named like the one born in Bethlehem of Judea 1900 years ago. Isaiah, one of the prophets of Israel, saw this child in prophetic vision, and as if the gift of God were already given, shouted triumphantly, 'Unto us a child is born. Unto us a son is given. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.' Was there ever a babe borne on a mother's bosom, like this child? The wonder is that it ever nestled there, and slept and prattled and said, 'Mother.' The Creator held in hands created! Mary worshipping her very own child! Eastern Magi, seeing his star in the East, coming far to crown the child King! A multitude of angels leaving heaven that they might fly to earth and sing 'Glory to God in the highest' over the new-born babe! Good old Simeon in the temple taking the infant Jesus in his arms, and then praying that he might die, having seen the salvation of God! Herod, stirred by the tidings of this new-born babe and trembling for his throne!

About all we know of this child for thirty years of his life is, that 'he grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.' That the world's God should have been veiled in human flesh thirty years, giving no sign, is one of the profoundest of marvels. But the glory broke through at last, and this Jesus of Nazareth spake the thought of God, he worked the works of God, he claimed equality with God, he established the kingdom of heaven, he promised the conquest of the world, he claimed power to lay down his own life and to take it again, and proved the claim by his death and resurrection. Ever since, this child born in Bethlehem, has had more thought and stirred more feeling and revolutionized more custom and made more history than any score or hundred of the world's mightiest men. Millions now hang on him their dearest hopes for the life that now is and for that which is to come. Millions take up the chorus of the Messiah and echo it to-day around the world; Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and his name is Wonderful.

Wonderful indeed is this gift of God, this matchless child, commanding the world's attention, baffling the world's wisdom, defeating the world's power, to outlast the world's ages, and to still at last the world's tumult. 'Joy to the world, the Lord is come.' God's unspeakable gift is offered to every heart. And it is this gift that gives to Christmas all its significance.

Some have loved him long and well, have celebrated Christmas with Christ so often, as to have learned by a deep and blessed experience how wonderful he is, how wise in counsel, how divine and enduring in love and grace and power, and how potent in calming the troubled heart and bidding its tumult be still. This coming Christmas day will bring a new joy to these old friends of Christ to sweeten and sanctify the mellow evening of their life.

Others will celebrate Christmas carols, but, alas! with no real Christ in their song. What an anomaly! A shell without a kernel. A body without a soul. A temple without a God.

And what a gift for parents does Christmas furnish, in its carol of this matchless child! Mothers, give over anxious thought about your precious babes. God was manifest in infant flesh. Can he ever forget a mother's love and kiss!

OUR FAITH'S SURE FOUNDATION.

'Now, the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise.' Christmas ought to bring us back to the sure foundation that our faith is not in a philosophy merely, but in a historic fact. The corner stone of the church is not a syllogism but a life. We do not rest upon an abstraction but a person. Our text book is not a volume of ratiocination but a gospel. Following our Lord, we do not tread the hollow clouds but the holy fields. Our religion is of heaven, but our Redeemer was 'born of the Virgin Mary.' The feast of the Incarnation reminds us that we did not learn the attributes of the Father from some metaphysical deduction as to what the Great First Cause must be, but from one who was so fully His 'express image,' that whosoever hath seen Him 'hath seen the Father.' Our creed does not date back to a council of bishops at Nicea, but to a birth at Bethlehem.

REMEMBER ERRORS OF THE PASSING YEAR.

There has been just one stainless, perfect life on the earth and no other. True, through a blessed possession of a calm and even temperament, there have been those who have possessed their souls in great peace and without the turmoil and trial that sooner or later overtake the great majority of men and women. In the busiest world there is bound to be emulation and unrest. It is of the family we think chiefly now. Let all the mistakes and shortcomings of the fading year help toward greater faithfulness and fidelity in the untrodden paths that be just ahead. Glorify the old familiar duties by meeting each and every one not as some mere happening or accident floating to us for attention, but as a direct appointment sent into our lives from God. Remember errors of the passing year merely to profit by them. Unwholesome brooding never yet mended a fault, never built a sound stair on which to ascend to better things. Be strong; be of good courage. Take leave stanchly of the old year, thankful for its blessings, thankful, too, for its griefs and burdens, thankful for the swift forgiveness its mistakes may find, thankful we can leave its every day and hour trustingly in the hands of God.—'Christian World.'

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII, DECEMBER 30, 1894.

REVIEW.—The Four Gospels.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

Golden Text.—'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'—Heb. 13: 8.

HOME READINGS.

T. Mark 1: 24-34; 2: 1-12.—Lessons III., IV.
M. Luke 4: 16-30; 5: 1-11.—Lesson I., II.
W. Mark 2: 23-3: 19.—Lessons V., VI.
Th. Luke 6: 20-49.—Lesson VII.
F. Mark 3: 22-35; Luke 7: 24-35.—Lessons VIII., IX.
S. Luke 8: 4-15; Matt. 10: 5-16.—Lessons X., XI.
S. Isa. 9: 2-7; Eph. 5: 1-20.—Lesson XII.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Superintendent—To what place did Jesus come?

School.—He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up.

Supt.—How were the people affected by his preaching?

School.—They wondered at his words and said, Is not this Joseph's son?

Supt.—What did they do in their wrath against him?

School.—They rose up and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.

Supt.—What did Jesus do?

School.—But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way.

Supt.—Whom did Jesus find by the Lake of Gennesaret?

School.—Simon and Andrew his brother, and James and John, whom he had before called to be his disciples.

Supt. What did Jesus say to Simon after the draught of fishes?

School.—Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men.

Supt.—What did Jesus do on the Sabbath *day in Capernaum*?

School.—He entered into the synagogue and taught.

Supt.—What effect had his teaching?

School.—They were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

Supt.— What miracles did he perform?

School.—He healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils.

Supt.—What did Jesus say to one sick of the palsy?

School.—Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.

Supt.—How did he prove his power on earth to forgive sins?

School.—He saith to the sick of the palsy, I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way unto thine house. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all.

Supt.—What did Jesus say about the Sabbath?

School.—The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore, the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

Supt.—What choice did Jesus make among his disciples?

School.—He ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach.

Supt.—What is Christ's Golden Rule?

School.—As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

Supt.—Who did Jesus say were his nearest relatives?

School.—Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother.

Supt.—What was Christ's testimony to John?

School.—This is he of whom it is written, Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.

Supt.—How did Jesus close the parable of the Sower?

School.—He that hath ears to hear let him hear.

Supt.—To whom did Jesus send his apostles?

School.—To the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

Supt.—What did he command them to do?

School.—As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Supt.—What further did he command them to do?

School.—Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils.

Supt.—What does Isaiah predict concerning the Prince of Peace?

School.—Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Supt.—What does he predict concerning his kingdom.

School.—Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.

Supt.—What warning against drunkenness does the apostle give?

School.—Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled wiht the Spirit.

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Review Questions, and Catechism Questions.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OE OUR LORD.

LESSON I., JANUARY 6, 1895.

JOHN THE BAPTIST BEHEADED, Mark 6: 17-29.

Commit to memory vs. 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.'—Matt. 10: 28.

THE LESSON STORY

Perhaps you have seen a signboard, with a hand on it, pointing out the way.

We may think of John the Baptist as a hand pointing to Jesus. He was a good and fearless man, quick to rebuke sin wherever he saw it.

When King Herod took his own brother's wife away and married her, John did not fear to rebuke the king. This made Herodias, the queen, very angry. She wanted to kill John, but Herod would only put him in prison. Herod feared John, knowing that he was a holy man.

After a while Herod made a great birthday party. Herodias had a daughter who came and danced before the king and his company. The king was so much pleased that he promised to give her anything she should ask.

Her cruel mother told her what to say, and she asked for the head of John the Baptist on a charger, or platter. The king was very sorry, but he thought he must keep his word. So John's head was cut off and given to these two wicked women! Do you think, then, that God forgot his brave servant? Oh, no! he had a better home for him than in a dungeon, and the martyr John found a happy rest there.

—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS

M. Luke 1: 5-23, John's Birth Predicted.
T. Luke 1: 57-80, The Prediction Fulfilled.
W. Luke 3: 1-18, John's Preaching.
Th. John 1: 15-37, John's Testimony to Jesus.
F. Matt. 11: 1-15, Jesus's Testimony to John.
S. Mark 6: 14-29, John Beheaded.
S. Rev. 7: 9-17, Out of great tribulation.

Time.—John the Baptist was imprisoned in March or April, A.D. 28, after a ministry of two years. He was beheaded a year later, in March or April, A.D. 29.

Place.—John was imprisoned and beheaded at Machaerus, a fortress and castle at the southern extremity of Perea, on the borders of Arabia, nine miles east of the northern end of the Dead Sea. Herod's birthday feast was probably held in this castle.

Rulers. — Tiberius Caesar, Emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea; Herod Antipas, governor of Galilee and Perea. Herod Antipas was a son of Herod the Great, who, at his death, shortly after our Lord's birth, left his kingdom to his three sons—one-half to Archelaus, and one-fourth each to Antipas and to Philip II. Herod Antipas married, first, a daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia, and, afterwards, his first wife still living, he married Herodias, wife of his half-brother Philip.

Between the Lessons. — Our last year's studies in the life of Our Lord ended with the sending forth of the twelve. In their absence he continued his own personal ministry. Matt. 11: 1. John the Baptist's death occurred at this time, and John's disciples 'went and told Jesus.' Herod, conscience-stricken, hearing of Jesus's wonderful works, thought he was John risen from the dead. Parallel accounts, Matt. 14: 1-12; Luke 3: 19, 20; 9,: 7-9.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

17. In prison—at Machaerus, where Herod had a castle and a prison under one roof, as was common in the East. For Herodias's sake—partly to please her, and partly to protect John from her plots. 18. John had said—reproved him to his face. Not lawful—Herod's wife and Herodias's husband were still living. 19. Had a quarrel—'set herself against him.' 20. Herod feared John—as a man of God whose death would be avenged. Observed him—'kept him safe.' protected him from the malice of Herodias. Did many things—'was much perplexed.' Hearing him gladly—with some inclination toward the right. 21. A convenient day—suitable for her designs. 22. Daughter — Salome. Danced—alone, like the dancing girls of the time, an indelicate and disgraceful act. 23. He sware unto her—a foolish and wicked oath. 25. By and by—'forthwith.' Charger—large dish. 26. Exceeding sorry—because he feared the people (Matt. 14: 5) and conscience reproached him. Ver. 20. For his oath's sake—a wicked oath to make, but more wicked to keep. For their sakes—for fear of taunts and sneers. 29. His disciples—John's. (See Matt. 14: 12.)

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—To whom were the twelve sent? What did Jesus command them to do? What did he do in their absence? What is the title of this lesson? Golden text? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. The Faithful Preacher. vs 17-20.—For what had John reproved Herod? What had Herod done to him? Where was he imprisoned? What did Herodias want to do? How did Herod regard John? Why did he not do as John told him?

II. The Rash King. vs. 21-25.—What occasion proved favorable for Herodias's designs? How did her daughter help her? What was the character of her dance? What was its effect on Herod and his company? What foolish promise did he make? What did the girl ask for? By whose advice?

III. The Cowardly Murder. vs. 26-29. — How did this affect the king? What should one do who has made a sinful promise? Why did Herod not break his promise? Did he most fear man or God? How did he keep his oath? Who buried John's body? What did his disciples then do?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. We should break a promise that requires us to commit a sin in keeping it. 2. Fear of reproach or ridicule should never keep us from doing right. 3. Better die in a dungeon for the right than live wickedly in a palace. 4. When in trouble, go and tell Jesus, as John's disciples did.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE SWEETEST LIVES.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small
Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.
—Mrs. Browning.

THE INCARNATION.

The Incarnation opened the spiritual, the supernatural, the eternal. It was as if the clouds were broken above this human valley that we live in, and men saw the Alps above them, and took courage. For, remember, it was a true incarnation. It was a real bringing of God in the flesh. It was a real assertion of the possible union of humanity and divinity; and by all its tender and familiar incidents, by the babyhood and home life, the hungerings and thirstings of the incarnate Christ, it brought the divinity that it intended to reveal close into the hearts and houses of mankind. It made the supernatural possible as a motive in the smallest acts of men. . . . It brought God so near that no slightest action could hide away from Him; that men should not only lead their armies and make their laws, but rise up and go to sleep, play with their children, work in their shops, talk with their neighbors, all in the fear and love of the Lord.—Phillips Brooks.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

Perhaps the most glaring fault of the Christian Church to-day, is the negligence of systematic Bible study. Mr. Moody, in a recent address, gives some excellent suggestions as follows:—

We have many prayer meetings, but how few Bible readings. Would it not be well to gather our friends in our homes and have Bible study? A great many look on the Bible like they look on the great American desert. They have never explored it. In the 119th Psalm, David prays God nine times to quicken him according unto his word. If you want a healthy soul, just let it feed on the word of God. The more it feeds, the healthier it gets.

How are we to study the Bible? Two things are helpful—Alexander Cruden's 'Concordance,' and the text-book published by the Tract Society. Not putting the Bible in the hands of the children is a great mistake. When the question book was kicked out the back door, the lesson leaf and review went in the front door. It is very important that the children have the word of God, not only the New Testament, but the whole Bible.

Take up the Bible and study it topically. What we want is to get God's word down deep in the heart. Take up the atonement, and with the aid of concordance and text-book read all about it. Afterward, take up justification, faith, assurance, backsliding, heaven, and the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Another good way? Take a book and run right through it. We are in the habit of reading by chapters. Lock yourselves up and take an hour or two and read a whole book.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHILDREN'S TABLE MANNERS.

(By Prudence Rhodes.)

The fashion of allowing servants to oversee children's meals is responsible for the formation of bad habits in early life, which no amount of after correction is sometimes sufficient to counteract. I have seen the eighteen-year-old son of a United States Senator spread a whole slice of bread at a time, and bite from it balanced in his hand. The manners of a somewhat younger boy of a prominent writer would disgrace the son of a mechanic. While you have no right to inflict the company of a two-year-old baby upon your guests at the table, in order that he may not be an infliction to his own friends later in life, it will be well to begin forming his table manners as early as he can be taught to handle his knife and fork.

That it is possible to do this except at much sacrifice of your own personal comfort I do not assert. Where the mother must look after the habits of one or more young children at the table, the father should take upon himself the duties of carver and helper. If there are older brothers and sisters in the family, let them help to bear the burdens, and so conduce to the general peace. I have in mind a family, where the eldest brother sits with a younger brother on either side of him, aiding, correcting, teaching and guiding them patiently and unobtrusively,—so that conversation is scarcely interrupted, while the mother is left to take her dinner in such ease and comfort as otherwise would not be possible. One can scarcely overestimate what a help in society graceful table manners are, nor, indeed, what a hindrance bad manners may prove. The graceful and dainty way in which one eats soup, handles a fork or breaks his bread, stamps one as having been used to good society or to the opposite; rather it places the stamp of his breeding upon him, for I have seen a celebrated musician, whose table manners were most reprehensible, but who was yet used to the best society. Much is often, however, forgiven to genius, which would not be tolerated in an ordinary person. —'Agriculturist.'

CRYING BABIES.

'What a vast deal of trouble and annoyance might be saved in this world if people only started in right with the training of their children,' said a medical man, who had been called upon to treat a cross and fretful child. 'Now, here is this baby that I have just been called in to see. Nothing in the world is the matter with it save the habit of crying and fretting, indulged until it has become chronic.

'People do not seem to realize that almost everything can degenerate into a disease and really a very serious one at that. I noticed that when anything was going on to attract the child's attention, it was well enough. I learned from friends of the family that the little thing—the first baby, of course—was so coddled and petted and fussed over, that it seemed to grow actually tired by the caressing and handling; then it would fret; then it got more attention.

'The only saving clause in the matter was that it was not over-fed, otherwise it would probably have died some time ago. As it is, it is merely an irritable, fretful, troublesome little creature and with its training and environment is likely to grow more so to the end of the chapter, and woe be to those who have to live with it after it has grown up.

'When crying is continued for any length of time, an exhaustive examination should be made to find out the cause, if possible, and, if it is removable, something should be done at once, and then the little one should be taught not to cry. If it persists, put it away in some quiet and comfortable place and let it have its cry out. It will be tolerably good-natured for some time.

'When it begins to cry again, put it away and rigidly follow this course. It will soon understand that crying means banishment, and the screams will very soon be hushed. Few mothers, however, have the courage to let the baby cry. It is a well understood fact, in the medical profession, that the foolish fondness of mothers is responsible for more of the minor ills of childhood than anybody but the doctor can be made to believe.'—'N. Y. Ledger.'

CHRISTMAS RECIPES.

TO ROAST A TURKEY.

A hen-turkey, weighing from six to seven pounds, furnishes the sweetest and most savory meat, and yet for festive occasions, when a large company is to be served, great one-year-old gobblers, weighing from twelve up to even twenty pounds, are still in demand. After Christmas, hen-turkeys, if fat, are in all cases preferable. If you must cook a large turkey-gobbler, parboil it gently for about an hour, to remove the strong flavor of the fat before proceeding regularly to stuff and roast.

For stuffing, prepare bread in quantity proportioned to the size of the fowl. A twelve-pound turkey will require a quart loaf to stuff it properly; a small hen, only half as much. Break up the bread between your hands, mixing well with a table-spoonful of butter and seasoning of black pepper, salt, and either a head of celery, chopped up or a teaspoonful of bruised celery seed; make the stuffing hold together with a little hot water, or the yoke of an egg and water; stuff the crop as full as possible.

For roasting a turkey in an oven or range, the time to be allowed is twenty minutes for each pound, with one twenty minutes extra. The fire must be strong and steady throughout the process. The turkey should be nicely cleaned and stuffed; then put into a baking pan, supported on transverse strips of wood or iron, so as to keep the fowl out of the drippings. No water need be added if the bird be moderately fat. Baste repeatedly; that is to say, put little bits of butter over the breast and legs from time to time, and, dipping up some of the drippings from the pan, pour it over, so that the whole fowl shall be moistened with them. The seasoning of the stuffing and gravy may be altered, for variety's sake, from celery and pepper to oysters and pepper, or oysters, celery and pepper, onion and sage, or savory and thyme, etc.

TO ROAST A GOOSE.

Wash it, and rub the inside with onion; make a stuffing of light bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of butter, an onion peeled and chopped up fine, with a few sage leaves rubbed up to powder, salt and pepper. A sheet of paper should be skewered over the breast-bone well, and when the breast is rising take it off. Be careful to serve before the breast falls. The proper accompaniment for a roast goose is a brown gravy, nicely thickened and skimmed, with a bowl of apple sauce.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.

Wash one quart of cranberries in cold water, put them in a porcelain kettle, add a pint of boiling water, cover, cook five minutes, pass through a colander, add one pint of granulated sugar, cook one minute, and turn out to cool. This mixture should be thick but not jelly, as it is a sauce. When jelly is wanted cook five minutes more.

PUFF PASTE.

Take half-a-cup of butter and half-a-cup of lard and chop into this four cups of prepared flour (flour into which four small teaspoons of baking powder have been sifted). Add half a saltspoon of salt and mix with enough milk to roll the dough out easily. Do not have the dough hard. Handle it as little as possible. This may be made the basis for all delicate pastry.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

One pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of flour, one pound of suet (chopped fine), one pound of currants, three-quarters of a pound of stale bread crumbs, half a nutmeg (grated), quarter of a pound of brown sugar, five eggs, grated rind of one lemon, and juice of two if needed for moisture, half-a-pound of minced, candied orange peel. Clean, wash and dry the currants; stone the raisins. Mix all dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs, then pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack in greased small kettles or moulds (this will make six pounds), and boil six hours when you make it, and when wanted for use serve with hard sauce.

MINCE PIES.

To five pounds of finely-minced boiled beef, use eight pounds of sour, juicy apples, weighed after being pared and cored, then minced fine; one pound of butter, three-fourths of a pound of finely-chopped suet, one pint of New Orleans molasses, four pounds of granulated sugar, two ounces each of ground cinnamon and cloves, a tablespoonful of salt, a bowl of currant jelly, three pounds of seeded raisins, one pound of well-washed English currants. Mix well and set over the fire. When butter and jelly have melted, add enough sweet cider to moisten well, and cook slowly for a couple of hours. If the meat is canned, boiling hot, it may be kept for an indefinite time without using wine or liquor. Many times a housewife will have in the house fruit syrups that may be substituted for a portion of the cider, and with good result. The liquor from pickled peaches is excellent for this purpose. A few words as to the preparation of the meat itself: It will be found juicy and tender if put over the fire in boiling water and cooked very slowly until tender. Shortly before it is done, season with salt, and allow it to remain in the liquor in which it is cooked until cold. The mistake is sometimes made of placing the meat in cold water. This draws the juices from the meat, making an excellent soup, but leaving the meat dry and tasteless.

The following rule for the crust is simple and reliable:—A generous pint of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half level teaspoonful of salt, three-fourths of a cupful of shortening, half butter, half lard. Sift the salt and baking powder with the flour. Have the butter and lard very cold, and chop through the flour until very fine. Mix to a stiff paste with ice-cold water. This makes a crust that is light and tender, though not so flaky as the celebrated French paste, which takes so much time and patience to prepare.

SOME CHRISTMAS CAKES.

The recipes here given have been tested many times, and if the directions are carefully followed, will be found in every way satisfactory.

In making cake, the materials should all be in readiness, weighed or measured, and the fire and dampers of the range properly regulated before beginning to mix the ingredients. Black or fruit cake must be baked with a very slow, steady fire for at least four hours, and the tins lined with double sheets of well-buttered letter paper, which reaches up half-an-inch above the sides of the tin to support the cake, that should be covered over the top for the first hour. Currants should be washed and almonds blanched in time to become perfectly dry before needed, and all kinds of fruit should be kept in a warm room the night before it is put in a cake. It should also be floured, and added the last thing before the cake is put in the oven, and stirred—preferably with the hands—the least that is possible to mix it evenly through the mass.

THE USE OF THE HOT BATH.

There is far too little use made of the hot bath even in households where there is every facility for taking it. There is no ordinary means of health within the reach of everyone which is of so much importance as this. Those who go out in all weathers, and come in contact with people of all classes and conditions, have no means of knowing how many disease germs may lodge upon them, which may, in due course of time, find their way into the system and begin their deadly work. Especially important is it that persons who handle all sorts of products from all sorts of countries, should bathe the hands in as hot water as can be borne, using a brush and plenty of good toilet soap. The best authorities say that first-class soap is one of the most powerful of germicides. There are few forms of bacilli that can survive a soap bath.

It is necessary, however, to take some precautions after a hot bath, to avoid taking cold. A dash of cold water is scarcely sufficient. It is better to wring a sheet out of cold water and wrap oneself up in it, then put a thick blanket on the outside of this. Almost immediately the surface reaction comes on, and the body is in a glow of warmth. Where it is possible to attach it, a rubber pipe and sprinkler on the faucet is a great luxury. With this, one may have a hot bath and a cold spray afterward, and feel refreshed as well as clean. In taking baths, it is a good idea to dissolve part of a cake of good soap in boiling water, then pour it into the bath-tub. If one takes a sponge bath with a basin, a strong soapsuds thoroughly scrubbed into the skin is almost imperatively necessary. The suds may be as hot as one chooses, the hotter the better, and the wash-off is better if taken entirely cold. There are persons of extremely delicate skin, who find it a great advantage to use a preparation of glycerine and rose water to rub over the surface of the body immediately after the bath. The surplus moisture may be absorbed with soft linen. Some skins will not bear much rubbing, and it is simply cruelty to subject this class of persons to the friction of the ordinary coarse towel. Bathing, as a science, is imperfectly understood by the masses of people. They seem to think that what our grandmothers called "cat washes," will answer all purposes. Those who pay the most attention to cleanliness are likely to live longest, all other things being equal.

HOW TO TRIM LAMPS.

To the wise virgin whose lamps burn undimmed through the long winter evenings, a lady recently went for advice, and inquired of her methods, giving the result of her enquiry to the readers of the 'Cleveland Leader.'

'Why do my lamps give a more brilliant light than those in other houses,' the said housekeeper repeated: 'Possibly because I take better care of them. Lamps are not to be lit and looked at merely, neither are they to be of less value than their covering.

'Few women boil out their burners. This should be done at least once a week. I rub mine off first with paper, then place them in a saucepan of boiling water and soap suds. There they remain for thirty minutes, when they are rinsed off with clear hot water, laid to drain, and afterward carefully rubbed and polished with a bit of old flannel. I find this the only way to prevent smoking or unseemly greasiness.

'In my large china lamp, where a brass tank holds the oil, I boil out this metal receptacle as well as the burner. I fill the tank itself with warm water, letting it come to a forceful boil on the range. This plan removes every suspicion of dirt as well as odor from the brass. After rinsing off, I dip it in a weak solution of ammonia and water, then polish off with chamois skin and silicon.

'This is my systematic weekly washing schedule.

'As to the wicks, I fancy in most lamps they are not changed frequently enough. I put in a new one every week. The lamp is apt to smoke unless this is done. Then never cut your wick. Your eye for a curve may be excellent, but I'll warrant the arc of your flame will never be perfect if scissors have been called into play. When the wick is inserted, simply burn the end off. The blaze will make its own pathway more artistically than you could do, and the after light will have no ragged edges. Every morning nip all the burnt edges away with a flannel cloth.

'A vital part for the maintenance of a strong glow, is the daily replenishing of the oil. Never let the wick strain for its sustenance. Without good nourishment, wicks, like mortals, will emit a very feeble flame.

'Of course, my chimneys are polished every morning. They are "soused" into a generous pan of hot water and soap suds, and polished off with chamois.

'There is no denying,' she concluded, 'that lamps require much attention, but they are grateful, and respond in such a brilliant manner, that one never begrudges the time spent on them.'

PAGE

MISSING

PAGE

MISSING

THE NEW CHRISTMAS.

(By Fred. Weatherly.)

Tenderly, lovingly, out of the night,
Cometh a maiden clad in white,
Bright holly berries her tresses between,
And a girdle round her of ivy green.

Old Father Christmas, that coarse old soul,
With gait uncertain and brimming bowl,
Over the seas far off hath fled,
And left us the New Maiden Christmas instead.

Tenderly, lovingly, cometh she,
In her snow-white robe of purity,
With holly for smiles our days to bless,
And true green ivy for faithfulness.

O sweet New Christmas, stay with us, stay,
And bless us for this, and every day,
That so our lives may clothed be
In faithfulness, smiles and purity!

WHO IS SAFE?

The editor of the 'Sunday-school Times' writes:—

On what ground can a man claim, in view of the example of others, that he may count himself fairly safe in the moderate use of intoxicating beverages? Does he reckon on his brain-power, and his intellectual attainments and vigor? Men vastly superior to himself in that very sphere have—as he cannot but know—been often overcome by intemperance, when they purposed only moderation. Indeed, it is directly affirmed by high medical authority, that brain-workers are peculiarly liable to be swept into intemperance if they venture on the use of alcoholic stimulants. And the world of intellect is full of instances of ruined genius through an inability to resist the temptations of excess in drink. Is it the power of his own strong will, that one rests on for his control of appetite, as he ventures on a limited indulgence in this line? Before his very eyes, men of more strongly-marked will-power than he would think of claiming as his own, have been openly proved incapable of moderation in drinking, when they departed from the bounds of abstinence.

There are well-known historic examples, in our own land and day, of men of iron will and of pre-eminent determination found helpless in a struggle with the foe which this man thinks can be safely grappled by himself. Perhaps, however, he rests on God's grace to sustain him, if he deliberately incurs a special risk without a commandment thereto. He must surely admit, or at all events his friends must admit for him, that men who have seemed even purer, holier, more godly, and more reliant on divine help than himself, have become drunkards, even within the limits of his own generation. The Christian abstainer who stands firmly on a place of assured safety, even at the temple's pinnacle, may well shrink from tempting the Lord his God by yielding his foothold there, in the hope that holy angels will be sent to bear him up in his mid-air flight toward the drunkard's Gehenna.

A few illustrative instances out of the sphere of the writer's personal observation, in religious circles merely, may add emphasis to the general truth here declared. His earlier recollections are of a distinguished New York pastor, whose name was followed by the titles 'D.D.' and 'LL.D.,' and who was honored with rare prominence in the councils of the Presbyterian Church. That man was quite sure that temperance, and not abstinence, was the thing for him; but his disgrace from intoxication was an appalling fact to the writer, who saw something of the sorrow and shame it brought to the people of God whose loved pastor he had been. Later, the writer knew of a Methodist clergyman who, as a stirring evangelist, was blessed in winning souls to the Saviour, and whose praise was in the churches far and near; but who did not feel it his duty to be a total abstainer, and who, therefore, staggered in and from his high position, and found a level with those who were overcome with drink.

Again, it was a distinguished Baptist doctor of divinity, who thought himself above the necessity of abstinence, but who found himself not above the danger of intemperance, and was seen by the writer, reeling through the public streets, a hopeless victim of strong drink. Then, it was one of the more brilliant of the young Congregational ministers of the writer's acquaintance, who was confident that moderation was better than abstinence, and who was found in the very gutter by his parishioners, before he even thought he was overstepping the bounds of strictest prudence. An Episcopal clergyman of the writer's acquaintance, who could not suffer himself to suppose that total abstinence was the only safe ground of action, was again and again intoxicated among his people, until he was compelled to go away from them in disgrace. The writer became quite attached to a young Roman Catholic priest, because of his frank, manly ways, his genial spirit, and his unflinching patriotism. But he was saddened to see that priest go down, step by step, from moderate drinking to intoxication, until he was silenced by his good bishop. These are only a few representative cases, among very many, of the fall of clergymen, under the writer's personal observation, because of moderate drinking being looked upon as reasonably safe for a man in the Christian ministry.

In the ranks of the laity, the writer has seen yet more frequent illustrations of the perils of liquor-using under the most favorable circumstances. Men of strong will, and of large brain, and of refined culture, and of mature judgment, and of high Christian attainments; ladies in the choicest social circle, active in the church and in the Sunday-school; young persons and older, of both sexes—going down before his eyes to the drunkard's life and grave; not here and there a solitary case, but in so many instances as to make him stand appalled at the fearful risks in the use of intoxicants, and to cause him to forswear everything that can intoxicate, or that leads to a love of intoxicants, because of the possible consequences to himself, as apart from the question of his example before others.

FESTAL DAY IN JAPAN.

Across the front of the house, for instance, is festooned a grass rope with a deep fringe. This is a very pleasant sort of a thing for a man to have over his door, for no evil spirit dare pass under it.

Over each entrance hangs a great tassel of grass containing a scarlet crawfish. Its crooked body symbolizes the back of the aged, bent with years.

This is surrounded with the branches of a kind of japonica, whose young leaves bud before the old ones are shed. This is typical of parents living when their children's children are born.

In the centre are the leaves of the Japanese polypody, which symbolize conjugal life, because the fronds spring in pairs. Embryo leaves symbolize offspring.

There is also a piece of charcoal, which means home, and two little pieces of seaweed, which typify good fortune and rejoicing.

In the middle of all is the lucky bag, a square of white paper held in by a red and white string, which marks a present.

Not only the Japanese, but the Europeans in Japan also hang this tassel over their front gates. They do it partly as a compliment to the Japanese and partly for luck.

The natives have another decoration, consisting of three green bamboos with sliced tops, reminding one of organ pipes, erected on each side of the portal at a distance of six feet, the right hand one springing out of a tuft of the matsu, which signifies the female principle, and the left hand from the omatsu, which signifies the male.

In the midst of all these emblems the national flags generally wave from black lacquered poles headed with gold balls. If the common people fail to display these flags, they are admonished by the police, and the flags go up. They are generally of white silk crape, with a red sun in the centre.

A Japanese New Year's custom which it would not be amiss to import here, is that of paying all debts (except to foreigners) on the first day of the year. A man who fails to do so without leave of his creditors, is dishonored. Consequently, those creditors who are in debt try to sell everything which will fetch money, and in Tokyo, a huge fair is held in the principal street on New Year's eve for this purpose.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine.
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace like a dove in his flight
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight:
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great and no cottage too small.
The angels who welcome him sing from the height,
In the 'City of David,' a king in his might;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round,
Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound,
And cry, 'Look! the earth is aflame with delight,
O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight!'
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

—Phillips Brooks.

DO THY DUTY.

Straight and firm mark out the furrow,
Drop therein the golden grain;
Do thy task and rise to-morrow
Ready to begin again.
One day like another passing,
Acts and deeds of little show,
Garnered seeds may be amassing,
Whence the harvest fields shall glow.

Bravely, then, the ploughshare driving,
Faint not, nor withdraw thine hand;
Duties done by earnest striving
Leave their traces o'er the land.
Hard the labor, few the pleasures,
Dull the task no others share;
But each step that duty measures
Leadeth up a golden stair.

Dead to self, intensely loving,
In the noble throbs that move
Hearts which weary not in giving
Life for life, and love for love.
Love of souls and love of duty,
Fear of falsehood, hate of wrong—
These shall clothe thy life with beauty
Worthy of the poet's song.

—'Endeavor Herald.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

ONE AMONG MANY.

(By M. Sutherland.)

A TRUE STORY.

The wind moaned dismally around the low brown house, ever and anon rising into fierce gusts that shook doors and windows and made the children, who were crouching by the stove, draw nearer together, and the woman who sat at the table, busy with needle and thread, shiver a little, and with more anxious eyes glance toward the clock in the corner. She was worn and weary looking. Her dark hair was streaked with grey, and there were dark circles under her eyes which told of pain or sorrow, or both, and when she occasionally paused in her work and rubbed her fingers over her tired eyes, the long breaths she drew sounded like sobs.

At length she laid aside her needle, and holding up the finished garment, said, 'There, Nellie, come and see your new dress.'

One of the little ones came slowly forward, and as the light shone upon her thin white face, one could not help noticing the pitifully un-childlike expression. There was a frightened appealing look in the large brown eyes, and the lips looked to be incapable of merry laughter.

She took the garment in one hand and drew the other over it with gentle pressure. The mother looked at her wistfully. 'Do you like it, dear?'

'Yes, mamma.'

Then she laid the dress on her mother's knee and turned away.

'Have you got done sewing, mamma?' asked the little boy who sat next her, 'because you promised to tell us a story.'

'Never mind to-night, Alf,' interposed the little girl; 'mamma doesn't feel like telling a story.'

'But she said she would,' reasoned the little five-year-old.

'And so I will, my boy,' said the mother, quietly. 'Charlie will put a little more wood in the stove, and we will sit down together, while I tell just one.'

She drew the rush-bottomed chair nearer the fire, looking, as she did so, toward the clock in the corner. 'Come, Nellie, you may sit on mamma's lap, because you are not very well.'

'Tell us a real story,' whispered the child, as she laid her head on her mother's breast.

The woman began bravely, though her voice might have sounded a little strained and unnatural. She described a Christmas Eve in the long ago—when she was a little girl—but as she went on, memories of the happy home she had once known, and of the love and care which had once surrounded her, came before her so vividly, that, with tears in her eyes, she brought the story to an abrupt end; and after a little pause, told the children that it was long past their usual bed-time.

'Do you think papa will soon be home?' whispered Nellie, as she kissed her mother good-night.

'I can't tell, my child. I—I hope so.'

'Where shall we hang the stockings?' said little Alf, noisily. 'It's Christmas Eve. Hurrah for Christmas!'

'Hang them on the back of the big chair,' answered the mother, wearily, 'and go right to bed, like good boys.'

The woman said this, standing by the window, with strained eyes looking out on the stormy night, trying to distinguish any sound save that of the furious wind. She stood there until the childish voices were hushed in the room above, and then she walked to the chair by the stove and sat down.

Many minutes she sat there; dumb, white, tearless; then with a gasping cry, a half-articulate 'God help me,' she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Well might she sob, and with heart-breaking tears cry to the Omnipotent to help her, for her's was that lot, so wretched, so desperate, that compared with it, all others are of minor misery—the lot of a drunkard's wife.

In the wild December night, alone, save for the sleeping children, she waited for the return of—a drunkard. It was Christmas Eve, the eve of what should be the holiest, happiest time in the year, and what did it bring to her but bitter, unavailing sorrow for the past, and direful fears for the future? To-morrow would be the anniversary of her wedding day. Twenty years ago to-night, a girl of eighteen had watched with eager eyes and a quick throbbing heart, for the stalwart lover who was soon to be her husband. Twenty years—and to-night a sorrowful woman with fast-whitening hair and aching heart, watched and waited for a haggard, blear-eyed semblance of humanity whom she called husband.

Her mind went back to the three first years in that low-roofed house, the happy years when her husband had been kind and true. Then came the fatal day when she waited for his return from the village, and waited in vain. After that first fall there had been vows and protestations, but as the months went by, the promises of reform grew less frequent. As the months grew to years the power of appetite grew and waxed stronger, until for years—it seemed to her a lifetime—there had been days and days after each visit to the neighboring village, when none but God knew how fearful was the life that woman lived in the old house on the sheltered hillside.

She reached out her hand and took the well-worn stockings from the chair. There were only two, for Nellie, with unchildlike wisdom, had not left hers with the others. The mother's tears fell faster as she thought of the Christmas Eve so many years ago when she had had only one baby girl's stocking to fill, and the proud father had brought picture books, toys and sweets enough to more than fill double the number she now held in her worn hand. There was no bitterness in the tears that dropped for that wee girl, the sinless child who, one autumn day, had been laid in the quiet graveyard among the golden rods and purple daisies. Well had it been for her that she had been early taken, and well had it been for the two little brothers whose graves were beside hers.

The bitter tears, the ever-aching mother-heart, were for those who were left. The sturdy Charlie over whose head eight summers had passed, the delicate Nellie, who, as we number years, was only nine, and the bright-eyed five-year-old Alfred, who did not yet understand what shadow darkened his home. What could she do for them?

The clock struck eleven before the tempest of her grief wore away, and then she made what little preparation she could for the coming day. She had asked her husband to bring a few nuts and candies to be divided among the children, but she knew now that her request had been unheeded.

Just as she finished her pitiful task, a sound other than the roar of the wintry wind, struck her ear, and she hurried to the outer door. By the broken rays of moonlight struggling weirdly through the blinding storm, she could dimly see the form of a tall gaunt horse plunging through the snow drifts, and soon he stopped before the door.

The cold ride had partially sobered the bundle in the sleigh, and it blundered out, and with tottering steps, essayed to take the horse from the shafts. The woman went out into the bitter storm. "Go into the house, Alfred; I will put the horse in the stable.'

'Better—ger—inter house, yerself—er guess—er can—' but he floundered helplessly in the soft snow, and would have fallen, but for his wife's outstretched arm.

'Er—don't—feel—well—guess—er—will ger—' he mumbled, as he reeled toward the lighted kitchen, while the woman led the old brown horse to the barn, through which the wind whistled cheerlessly.

When she had placed food before him and tried to cover his bony frame with the remains of a blanket, she stroked his face and said softly, 'Poor old Jim, I wish I could make you a little more comfortable.'

After she closed the stable door, she stood for a few moments looking around her. All was desolation, and the task she had just performed, never before had seemed quite so heart-breaking. Perhaps it was because she was growing so old, she told herself, or because of Nellie's sad and sickly looks, or because it was the eve of the anniversary of her wedding day, or all combined, but surely the dry, tearless sobs which shook her frame, held in them more of agony than she had yet experienced.

Meanwhile, her husband had thrown himself into a chair, over the back of which hung the children's stockings, crushing as he did so, the poor little gifts of maple sugar fashioned into cunning little shapes, and was sound asleep. When the woman came in, it was with difficulty she could rouse him, and when she did, it was with muttered threats and horrible imprecations that he staggered off to bed.

The clock struck twelve, and Mrs. Fielding dimly realized that it was Christmas Day. Merry Christmas!

As she picked up the greatcoat from the floor where it had fallen, her hand encountered a well-filled bottle brought from the village tavern. The impulse was strong upon her to spill the contents, but she dared not. More than once, in times past, she had done so, but the only result had been to send the man again to the village tavern, to return, if possible, a little more brutal than before. As may be well imagined, the account kept by the tavern-keeper lengthened rapidly. Sometimes a cow, sometimes a yoke of oxen, sometimes the grain which should have been fed to the half-starved stock, went into Will Manly's clutches, and yet the account was never 'squared off,' as that worthy expressed it. The little farm, once well tilled and taken care of, grew less and less productive. The fences lay rotting where they fell; the barns were in a wretchedly tumble-down state; and in the farm-house was biting poverty.

Sometimes the miserable owner—or rather, the nominal owner, for Will Manly's mortgage was heavy—would make an attempt to better his condition, and, for a few days, work with all the energy his drugged frame allowed; and then the craving would grow too strong for resistance. He would have an errand to the mill or blacksmith's shop, and such errands had but one termination.

So long as the gleaming lights from the bar-room shone across the frosty road, or in summer, the savor from the open door polluted the sweet air, so long would Alfred Fielding pause there and drink, till home, wife, children, honor, were as nothing compared with the cup he held.

Ah, that Christmas Day in the Fielding's home. While life lasted, would the weary woman, who went through the dull round of toil with only muttered curses from the man who sat by the fire or dozed on the wooden bench, forget it? The storm still raged fearfully. Like a living thing, the wind shrieked as it beat against her, on her way to the barn to do the heavy work she often had to do—the heavy unwomanly work. The child Nellie was with her, and with keen pain the mother noted how she shivered and drew her thin shawl closer around her, as the sound of her hoarse cough echoed dismally through the cold stable. She dared not leave her with her father, even had she dared to stay. For some reason, in his worst moods he was more brutal to that delicate little girl than to anyone else. The sight of her white, patient face seemed to goad him to fury, and many a time the sobbing mother had interposed to save the child from heavy blows. Nellie feared her father as only a sensitive, helpless child can fear a drunken parent, and what the mother suffered can be imagined, not described.

While she was preparing the noon-day meal, and the little boys were silently looking at a picture book, Nellie passed noiselessly behind her father's chair to offer her feeble assistance.

'What are you stealing 'round like that, for?' he demanded, in thick, guttural tones.

The trembling child stood still.

'Yer just come 'round here and answer,' he went on.

'I'm helping mamma get dinner,' was the timid answer.

'What yer looking like that for?' and he caught her by the arm and shook her roughly.

The white face grew whiter, and tears rolled down the cheeks.

'Yer better stop that, now,' he shouted with a savage oath, 'or—er 'll—'

'Alfred! Alfred!' said the mother, desperately. 'Let the child go. Don't you see that she's sick?'

'Sick, eh!' he exclaimed, with a drunken chuckle. 'S'pose yer sick too, with that face. Sick! Are yer?' and he pushed her away with such force that she staggered against the wall with a sharp cry of pain.

"Stop that!' he shouted, savagely, as the child burst into an uncontrollable paroxysm of coughing. 'Stop! or—'

The woman hurried the little girl into the dreary bedroom adjoining the kitchen, and closed the door. 'My poor little darling,' she said mournfully. 'You must stay in here. I know it's cold, but you can lie down on the bed and mother will bring you some dinner presently. Let me cover you up,' and she drew the worn blankets over the shivering, sobbing child.

'Oh, mamma, don't let him come in here. *Don't! Don't!*'

'No, no, my child. He won't come in. He'll stay by the fire. Don't cry so, my precious girl. It'll make you cough worse.'

After a little, the mother loosened the clinging hands. 'I must go out now and give the children their dinner, but do not be afraid. No one shall come near you,' and she pressed kiss after kiss on the wan face. Then she hurried out to soothe the frightened children who crouched behind the stove and tremblingly watched every motion of the besotted being they called father.

What agony was hers all that cheerless Christmas Day. When she took Nellie in the best of the scanty supply of food, the child shook her head. 'No, mamma. I can't eat. It hurts me here.' and she put her hand on her narrow chest.

'Eat just a little, dear; maybe it'll make you feel better.'

'No, mamma, I can't, indeed I can't. I only want to drink. Don't cry, mamma, I'm better now, for I'm not cold. See how warm my hands are—'

The mother clasped the little fingers in her toil-worn hand. They were hot with fever heat.

'Where's papa?' the child whispered.

'He's asleep by the fire, sound asleep, and I'm going out now and I will feed the horse and the cattle, so I won't have to leave you again to-night. No, no, my darling, you are too sick to go out in the storm. Charlie shall come in and stay with you. I'm sure papa will not leave the fire, even if he wakens. Be my good girl. Mother will do the best she can; she won't be long away.'

The child lay back on the pillow, trying bravely to check the tears, and a few minutes later, her brother sat beside the bed talking in whispers, while the mother plodded through the drifting snow, carrying the five-year-old Alf with her, lest any noise should disturb the drunken sleeper. She went through her work with the strength born of anxiety, and hurried back to the house to find Nellie nearly choking in her efforts to hush the hoarse cough which seemed to tear her slender frame. She moaned piteously when the paroxysm was over, and the mother shuddered as she felt the burning hands and noted the dry parched lips. The child was seriously ill, and the few remedies she possessed were utterly powerless.

If there were only some one whom she could send for the help she needed. The husband and father still lay in a heavy stupor; it would be madness to send the little boy out into the driving storm, and she dared not leave the helpless girl who clung to her beseechingly, and in broken words, murmured, 'Please don't leave me, mamma. Please don't.'

Oh, that dreary day—that lonely, awful day.

As night came on, the child's sufferings evidently increased. Her breath came shorter and quicker, and the hoarse cough sounded deeper and harsher. Through the long hours of that sorrowful night, Mrs. Fielding watched and waited in dumb uncomplaining agony. When the gray dawn stole into the uncurtained window, the storm had died away, and though it was piercing cold, the wind no longer swept wrathfully across the snow-covered fields and lanes.

The night's sleep had so far sobered Alfred Fielding, that he understood with dim and blunted sense of feeling, that the little girl was very ill, and something must be done for her. He even

went and stood beside the bed, and said less harshly than usual, 'What's the matter with you, Nellie?'

But the child was far away in the shadowy land of delirium, and only with a pitiful moaning cry she answered him.

So deep lay the drifted snow between the farm-house and the village, that it was not till after some hours' work by many pairs of stout hands, and sturdy horses, there was the semblance of a road, over which the doctor hastened.

After a brief but careful examination of the suffering child, he turned to the woman who was watching him with hungry eyes, and shook his head. No words were needed. The mother understood.

To do Alfred Fielding justice, when he left home that morning, he fully intended to return at once, but unfortunately, in order to reach the doctor's house, he was obliged to pass Manly's tavern. On his way back, an overpowering sense of fatigue and cold seized him, and he decided that he would go in and warm and have one glass, only one, to help him over the heavy roads. He said to himself, he would not stay—he remembered uneasily the look on Nellie's face—he would have only one glass, poor wretched self-deceiver, and then he would hasten home.

The last rays of the setting sun had tinged with a rosy glow the drifted snow heaps, when he staggered into the kitchen where Mrs. Fielding sat, and with muttered curses threw himself into the place he usually occupied, the wooden bench by the fire.

Fortunately for his heart-broken wife, Dr. Hardy had told one of her neighbors of the sorrowful state of affairs in the drunkard's home, and kindly hearts had been with her through the day. Not alone had she watched her child's death agony. It was all over. The gentle girl, who had been born under a curse, whose baby days had been darkened, and whose childhood had been so bereft of joy, would never again know aught of pain or sorrow. White and still, she lay in the empty room, and none who saw the sweet child-face from which death had smoothed every trace of care and suffering, could doubt that she was with the angels. What could the mother say but that it was 'well with the child?'

And what of the father? He only plunged into deeper orgies when he realized that the child was dead, and in the delirium that followed, the strong men who watched over him shuddered.

On the last day of the year, pitying hands laid Nellie Fielding beneath the fresh snow wreaths in the graveyard. According to the good old custom still prevailing in some parts of Canada, the church was filled on the day of the funeral, and all felt the pathos of the lonely little coffin, unattended by either parent or relative. There was an unusual hush when the service was ended, and the clergyman mounted the steps of the old-fashioned pulpit. After invoking the blessing of the Almighty on what he was about to utter, he announced his text, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

The words in which he handled the well-known theme were few and well-chosen, and at the close he called upon those around him to save children from a life such as the child now lying before them had lived, and for the sake of Alfred Fielding, and many more like him, whose only safety lay in the entire removal of temptation, to do all that in them lay, to strive, as men strive, for that which is dearer than life, to put away from them the wretched traffic; warning the strong, brave men who looked down upon those who could not resist temptation, that to them might one day be applied the words, 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me.'

In the deep silence that followed, more than one strong man registered a silent vow to do all in his power to put down a traffic fraught with so much sorrow and sin. The time was singularly appropriate, for by the strenuous efforts of a few strong friends of the temperance cause, the question was that week to be submitted to the people, whether or no they would continue to grant licenses to the number of taverns in the county. The excitement over the question was intense, especially in and around Linton, where there were as many drunkards as in any place of its size in Canada: but, as usual in such cases, there were some who were undecided as to the course they should pursue. Several of this class were within the walls of the village church when the old clergyman's voice rang out clear and strong, in words of solemn warning, and they were convinced.

The day of the voting on the by-law at length arrived, and from all directions there poured into the village such a crowd as was seldom seen. Will Manly kept open house that day, and it was carnival time for the men whose wretched wives in their lonely homes prayed that the days of their sorrow might be nearly ended.

All day long the bar-room echoed with such sentiments as the following:—'It interferes with our rights—this no-license business—our rights as men. This is a free country. Give us another glass, Manly. Here's good luck to our side. We'll show the temperance folks we won't be interfered with—' and with noisy shouts and mirthless laughter, they drank toast after toast to the defeat of the opposite party and the triumph of their own.

Alfred Fielding was there with the rest. He had scarcely recovered from the wild delirium which had held him in fetters while the body of his little daughter was being laid in its last resting-place, but two of his boon companions called for him—they must have all the 'friends of freedom' out that day—and notwithstanding Mrs. Fielding's entreaties, they helped him into the sleigh and drove off.

The woman went about her work in a dumb, dazed fashion when they were gone. Mechanically she did what she could for the little boys' comfort, and prepared their scanty dinner.

In the quiet afternoon, she folded and put away the few worn garments that had been wrapped around the little form of the child who had left her. She shed no tears. It seemed to her that she had none to shed. She wondered vaguely, as the eldest little boy pressed her to take a little of the sage tea he had made for her, how long this would continue, and when she should be dead, who would care for the worse than orphaned boys. Surely some kind soul would take pity on them, some pitying hand would be outstretched to save them. Would it do any good for her to go and ask kind Mrs. Dudley, just over the hill? If the leaden weight on her brain could be lifted for a few moments, so that she could think clearly. Toward night she sank into a stupor, only rousing herself at the continued cries of the children that it was very cold. She staggered out into the woodshed and carried in the few sticks that remained of a charitable neighbor's load of wood, and put them in the stove; conscious as she did so that the weight on her head was crushing her to the ground, then—she knew nothing more.

Late that night, Will Lester and his young wife were returning from a long evening at a friend's, when, as they passed the lane that led to Alfred Fielding's, they noticed a dark object on the snow, about half-way to the house. The man gave the reins to his wife and hastened to it. It was the form of a man wrapped in a shabby overcoat. His hat was off, and his stiffened hands were cold as ice. The young man bent over him and tried to rouse him, but he might as well have called to the dead. He shouted to his wife in desperation, 'Drive on to Deacon Dudley's. Tell them to come. Quick!'

Then he tried to lift the prostrate form, to drag it to the house, but in vain. He was young and strong, but, though he strained every muscle, he could not drag the bulky figure of Alfred Fielding through the soft snow.

He took off his own coat and wrapped it round the woful object, replaced the old fur cap, and ran with all speed toward the house. No one answered his hasty summons. He burst open the door, and what a sight met his gaze. The little boys crouched on the floor by the stove, striving to obtain a little warmth from the dying embers, while on the wooden bench, with wide-open staring eyes, and murmuring unintelligible words, lay Mrs. Fielding. She took no notice of the young man's presence, and the little boy cried out pitifully, 'We can't make mamma answer us, nor look at us.'

The young man's first thought was to make a fire, but there was no wood in the empty shed. Fortunately, he stumbled over an axe, and a few strokes in his powerful hands cut half-a-dozen sticks from a log in the door yard. Before the fire was fairly burning, he heard the sound of his own sleigh bells, and ran out to reach the half-frozen form, as Deacon Dudley drew rein opposite him. With the deacon was his son, and in a few moments the three men had lifted their helpless fellow-being and carried him in from the bitter cold of that winter night, and then one hastened with all speed for the doctor.

Pitying hands soon cared for Mrs. Fielding, and after a time, she lay quietly in bed, speaking only once in a while a few unmeaning words. Mrs. Lester watched beside her with eyes full of unshed tears. Once she stole out into the dreary kitchen where her husband waited, and with quivering lips said, 'Only think of it, Will. She was young once—and happy—as I am now. Oh, Will,' and she laid her soft cheek against his bearded face, 'promise me never to taste the awful cup that has made such a home as this.'

'I never will,' said the young man, solemnly. 'Never. So help me God.'

* * * * * * *

Pass we over six years from that dreary winter night, and let us look once more into the kitchen of that low-roofed house. The fire burns brightly, the clock in the corner steadily numbers the minutes, and on the rug before the fire, puss purrs contentedly. A broad-shouldered man sits by the table, reading, and in the rocking chair, between the table and the stove, sits a pale-faced woman. She has some knitting in her hands, but her eyes are fixed on two sturdy boys who are busy with books and slates. Sometimes the shadow of a smile lightens up her thin face as she watches the boyish gestures.

Can that man be Alfred Fielding? Is that woman his wife? And those two merry boys, are they the drunkard's children?

You ask wonderingly, what has caused this change? The answer is easily given.

THE REMOVAL OF TEMPTATION.

After the long illness which followed his exposure to the bitter cold of the night when he stumbled from the sleigh which held his companions and staggered half way to his wretched home, Alfred Fielding was, for the first time for years, quite sober. I speak advisedly when I say, the first time for years, for when a man's whole system is saturated with alcohol, it is a mistake to suppose that a few days abstinence renders him free from its influence.

He fully realized the depths of his own degradation, and to some extent, he realized what his wife's sufferings had been all through the long dreary years that lay behind them—his patient wife, who still lay on the bed whence it was doubtful if she would ever rise—and he buried his face in his hands and moaned aloud as he thought of his children.

He was to be pitied during those weary days; for in addition to the "regret, remorse and shame," he felt for the past, there was the haunting fear for the future, the fear of himself. He felt that he could not resist temptation. He dreaded the time when he should have to face the world again, the time when he would be obliged to meet the fascinations of the village bar-room.

Strangely enough, he had forgotten the result of the voting on the day he had so nearly lost his life, and no one thought of speaking to him on the subject, till one day, in an uncontrollable outburst of grief and fear he spoke to the old clergyman who had known him from boyhood.

With stupified wonder, he heard that the by-law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor for the space of one year had been passed, and when the full meaning of these words dawned upon him, his fainting spirit took fresh courage. There was a chance now in some measure to redeem the past.

With an enfeebled frame, and prematurely aged, the man began his work, but the struggle from abject poverty back to a comfortable home was long and severe. By kindness and unceasing care the forlorn woman he called wife, in time looked less wearily on the fair world around her, and took an innocent pride and pleasure in the merry boys who soon forgot the dark past and under their father's watchful care were happy. One by one, home comforts were gathered around them; little by little the large mortgage was lifted, and now at the end of six years, there is little outwardly to remind one of that once wretched home.

As with Alfred Fielding, so has it been with many others around Linton. The one year's experiment in 'no license' was so satisfactory that ever since it has been continued, and there are quiet peaceful homes in that county which in the old days were filled with want and wretchedness and sin.

All over our fair country there are other homes where dwell men so enslaved, that stronger wills than theirs must check them in their downward career, and by depriving them of the enslaving power give them the freedom of which they vainly talk. Who will aid in the good work?

SMALL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

(By the Rev. J. L. Withrow, D.D.)

By reason of the financial depression the approaching holidays will probably be celebrated with less outlay for gifts, than has been known at any Christmas time within twenty years. But it may turn to a blessing, if in 'the present distress' the Christmas gifts are smaller, provided the recipients shall be led to prize the motive of the giver more than the amount of the gift. It is easy to drown human gratitude in a deluge of undeserved favors. Is it not one reason why redemption in Christ is so lightly esteemed, that it is 'offered free to all?' Systems of man-made religion which require cutting self-denial of the devotee as the price of the pardon of sin, secure followers far easier than the gracious scheme of salvation by the death of Christ for the redemption of men. Naaman desired to do 'some great thing,' as the little maid shrewdly suggested, when he spurned the easy cure for his leprosy which God's prophet prescribed. But while it is the unchangeable plan of love to save freely, all who will be saved, yet does Providence often close a few fingers of his full hand; and by withholding temporal blessings, awaken a greater appreciation of smaller favors. Should this be a result of the present pinching privations, we might well be more thankful for prosperity withheld than for the rivers of plenty which have been rolling riches on the country in recent years. For a small favor fully appreciated may give more pleasure than such abundance as satiates rather than satisfies.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(E. H. Chase.)

Hark! hear ye the joy-bells?
What meaneth the ringing?
Hark! hear ye the voices?
What song are they singing?
"Peace and goodwill, peace and goodwill,
A Saviour is born, And God reigneth still."

Hark! hear ye the joy-bells?
"Peace, peace," they are ringing.
Hark! hear ye the voices?
"Goodwill," they are singing.
"Peace and goodwill, peace and goodwill,
A Saviour is born, Our God reigneth still."

Hark! hear ye the joy-bells?
"Love, love," they are ringing.
Hark! hear ye the voices?
"Go, ye," they are singing.
"Peace and goodwill, peace and goodwill,
Our Saviour is born, God's love floweth still."

Hark! hear ye the joy-bells?
'Tis glory they're ringing.
Hark, hear ye earth's voices?
Salvation they're singing.
"Peace and goodwill, Love and his will,
Within us the kingdom, God's love saveth still."

(By Fred. Weatherly.)

Do you remember the time gone by,
When we were children, you and I,
When the day grew dark and the lights were lit,
And all together we loved to sit,
When mother read to us, soft and low,
Tales of the brave days long ago,
And we sat and listened, and held her hand,
As she led us away to story-land.

Do you remember the words she said,
Every night as we stole to bed,
All that she taught us to try to do,
To be good and gentle and pure and true?
Do you remember her soft 'good-night,'
As she kissed our eyes in the shaded light;
And the last sweet touch of her tender hand,
As we drifted away to slumber-land?

All is altered; the years flow on,
Little mother is dead and gone,
We wander about the old, old place,
And long for the sight of her loving face,
Mother, speak from the distant shore,
Speak to thy children, speak once more;
Call to us, comfort us, stretch thy hand,
And fetch us home to the spirit-land.

THE BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM.

One of the very wonderful things about our human life is the perpetual freshness, the indestructible joy that clings forever about the idea of birth. You cannot find the hovel so miserable, the circumstances and the prospects of life so wretched that it is not a bright and glorious thing for a child to be born there. Hope flickers up for an instant from its embers, at the first breathing of the baby's breath. No squalidness of the life into which it comes can make the new life seem squalid at its coming. By-and-by it will grow dull and gray, perhaps, in sad harmony with the sad surroundings, but at the first there is some glory in it, and for a moment it burns bright upon the bosom of the dulness where it has fallen, and seems even as if it might set it afire.

And so there was nothing that could, with such vividness, represent the newness of Christianity in the world as to have it forever associated with the birth of a child. And there is nothing that could so set forth the fresh and novel start in all a man's experience, the new advent of power, the reillumination of all life for him when his vague religious aspirations become the hearty acceptance of a personal Lord as to associate it all forever with the birth of a child. The birth suggests a past, a vague and unsubstantial being somewhere before it came to the clear presence which we see, and yet it is as new as if it had had no past. The

> Soul that draws from out the vast
> And strikes his being into bounds

brings the eternity from which he comes and shapes it to the newness of his life. And the personal faith of the man who has long searched amid the waste for God, has all the rich remembrance of that search condensed into the freshness of this new experience wherein God has come to him.—Phillips Brooks.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you,
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, if your lips do quiver,
God will love you the better so.

DOROTHY'S CRUSADE.

(By Laura J. Rittenhouse.)

'Mamma, was it right for a lot of ladies to go into saloons and pray and break up whiskey-barrels and beer-kegs, as they did in the crusade?' asked Dorothy Lyons anxiously.

'They thought they were doing right, my dear; they were Christian women,' answered Mrs. Lyons.

'But the whiskey and beer belonged to the saloon-keepers, didn't they?'

'Yes, Dorothy, but they were used only to make drunkards and paupers of men, so those brave women were determined no more of it should be sold to ruin their husbands and sons. They believed it right to destroy it, just as much so as to kill rattlesnakes that had been turned loose in a community,' Mrs. Lyons explained, glad to have her little daughter so much interested.

'Bessie Ayres' father and brothers get drunk all the time on cider they buy from papa; Bessie says so. And she says plenty of other people do, too. Don't you think papa ought to be Crusaded, then, the same as the saloon-keepers?'

'I—I don't know, dear. I have never thought about it. It certainly is wrong for papa to make cider, but I can't coax him to quit.'

'Why not, mamma? Doesn't he think it is wrong?'

'I'm afraid not, Dorothy, or he wouldn't go on making it. He says he must have the money he gets for the cider, and that it is perfectly harmless if people do not drink too much of it. I feel very sorry and very much ashamed, but I cannot help it,' Mrs. Lyons said sadly.

'What made those ladies think of going out Crusading, mamma?'

'I suppose God put it into their hearts, dear.'

'Then it isn't wrong to do what God puts it into our hearts to do, is it?' questioned Dorothy, eagerly.

'Not if we are sure God really wants us to do it to make people better. I think your kitten must be hungry, dear. She mews so pitifully you ought to feed her.'

Dorothy obeyed, and no more was said about the Crusade.

A week later Mr. Lyons came home from the field where he was ploughing, after a piece of leather to mend some broken harness.

As he entered the barn-yard he was surprised to see a dozen or more little girls hurrying into the barn.

'They are up to some of their monkey tricks, I suppose; going to play school, like enough, for Dorothy has a book,' he said to himself.

He was very fond of children, and he followed them quietly, curious to see what they were going to do.

The little girls had surrounded the old cider-press, and Dorothy was making a sort of speech.

'It is wrong for people to get drunk, and it is wicked to make cider and sell it, because it makes people just as drunk as whiskey or beer. And mamma and Tom and I are so ashamed and so sorry, because we know God doesn't love drunkard-makers any more than He does drunkards. That's the reason I want all of us to Crusade papa. So we'll just go to work and break up the cider-press, then he can't make any more cider. That's the way a lot of good ladies did to the saloon-keepers one time, only they smashed up whiskey-barrels and beer-kegs, instead of cider-presses.

'But I guess we'll have to get Tom to do the breaking, because we are not strong enough, and we might cut our toes off, and Tom won't, because he's a boy and knows how.

'Come on down out of the loft, Tom! We're 'most ready, only I have to read the 123d Psalm first. That's the one they always read when they go Crusading. Then Bessie will pray, because she's had the most troubles and whippings when her papa gets drunk on my papa's cider. Hurry up, Tom!'

So Tom came down the ladder, Dorothy read the 123d Psalm, and Bessie, though a little embarrassed, said, 'Let us pray.'

'Dear God, we know you love little children and don't want them to have troubles. And we know you don't want Mr. Lyons to make any more cider for my papa and Hal and Charlie to get drunk on, besides Will Wood and Harlow Eaton and Mr. Davis. And, dear Father, please make Mr. Lyons be good, and don't let him whip Tom and Dorothy for helping to Crusade him.

'And mamma cries 'most all the time about papa and the boys, and my shoes are all wored out and I can't get new ones, 'cause papa and the boys are drunk so much and won't work for money to buy things with.

'And, dear Father, we all wish there wasn't any cider in the world; and that folks would can the apples or dry them or make jelly of all they can't eat raw, or feed them to the pigs. And now help us to Crusade Mr. Lyons's cider-press, 'cause Tom's going to split it all into splinters. Amen!'

The children arose from their knees soberly, feeling very earnest and solemn over the important business before them.

Mr. Lyons had been much amused at first, but his little daughter's speech and Bessie's quaint prayer soon strangely changed his heart. He had never before felt that he was really doing wrong in making and selling cider to his neighbors. The idea of being ranked with saloon-keepers in the minds of these innocent children, especially of his own son and daughter, was appalling to him.

He stepped into the barn and walked hastily up to the half-frightened children.

They stood their ground resolutely, though, the spirit of martyrdom at work in their brave little hearts.

Tom said respectfully, but without faltering, 'We're sorry, papa, but we're obliged to crusade the cider-press. We want you to be good so God can love you, but He can't if you keep on making cider. It doesn't make any difference if you don't make so much money. Dorothy and I can wear our old clothes and go barefooted this summer. And mamma'll be gladder than any of us, she's so ashamed and so sorry for you to be a drunkard-maker.'

'Wait a minute, Tom!' Mr. Lyons said huskily, then hurried from the barn.

'He's going to get a switch—you'll catch it, Tom!' said one of the girls.

Tom turned a little pale, but showed no sign of running away.

In a few minutes Mr. Lyons came back with Mrs. Lyons. He carried an axe, and going up to the cider-press, laid his hand upon it:

'My dear children, I am indeed going to be a better man. Your strange little crusade has opened my eyes and reformed me. I shall never again manufacture or sell cider to make my neighbors' children unhappy, and with God's help I will undo, as far as I can, the mischief I have already done. Go to work, Tom—I'm going to help you!'

And raising his axe, Mr. Lyons gave the first strong, sharp cut into the cider-press. Tom followed his example, and soon there was only a pile of kindling-wood and some old iron where the cider-press had been.

The little girls looked on with shining eyes, while Mrs. Lyons, with grateful heart, said, 'Thank God!'

And thus the one great curse of that neighborhood was removed, and happiness and sobriety took the place of drunkenness, through the influence of little Dorothy's Crusade.—'Temperance Banner.'

There could be no more stupendous proof of the presence of God in history than Christianity and Christendom. These things are new creations. They emerged out of moral chaos. Nothing less than Christ risen from the dead and the Holy Ghost come down from heaven could have produced upon our earth the moral wonders our eyes to-day behold.—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

'WHEN MOTHER READ TO ME, SOFT AND LOW.'

PAGE

MISSING

PAGE

MISSING

SANTA CLAUS AND HIS WORK.

This nice little story for girls and for boys,
Is all about Santa Claus, Christmas and toys,
So listen, my children, to what you shall hear,
For I know, to each little one, Santa is dear.

In a nice little village called Santa Claus-ville,
With its houses and church, at the foot of the hill,
Lives jolly old Santa Claus—day after day,
He works and he whistles the moments away.

For he knows that in labor is happiness found,
And a merrier fellow was never around;
So fat and good natured this jolly old chap
Will never be idle, except for a nap.

His house in fair Santa Claus-ville, as you know,
Is near the North Pole, in the ice and the snow;
But clothed all in fur from his head to his toes,
Not a feeling of coldness the old fellow knows.

He has the most beautiful long snowy hair,
Tho' the top of his head is quite shiny and bare;
His dear little eyes, how they twinkle and shine,
But he never was known to drink brandy or wine.

'Tis only because he is merry and bright
That they sparkle like two little stars of the night,
And perhaps 'tis his kindness of heart showing through,
While he's planning and working, dear children, for you.

For good little children he's working away,
Making the toys which he'll bring them some day;
And busy all day, while he whistles and sings,
He's planning and making the funniest things.

And a very wise fellow is Santa Claus, too,
He is jolly and kind, but he knows what to do;
And after his work for the day is all done,
As he sees the long rays of the bright setting sun,

He climbs to his turret, way up near the sky,
And looks o'er the world with his keen searching eye;
Peeps into the cities, the towns, great and small,
And villages, too, for he's sure to see all.

With his dog standing near and spy-glass in hand,
He looks for good children all over the land;
And whenever he sees them, at work or at play,

The old fellow listens to hear what they say.

And if they are gentle, and loving and kind,
To give them a present he makes up his mind;
And when Christmas time comes he will surely be there,
To leave of his treasure a bountiful share.

Oh, a jolly good sight is this funny old chap,
When he's robed in his bear-skin and fur-bordered cap,
All ready to start on his way through the cold,
In a sleigh covered over with jewels and gold.

While his deer from the mountains all harnessed with care,
Like race-horses prance through the clear frosty air;
'Tis fun just to watch them and hear the bells ring,
E'en the stars seem to think it a comical thing.

For old Santa is bundled so close to the chin,
That there isn't a chance for the cold to get in,
His cheeks are so rosy, his eyes are so bright,
That truly he makes quite a comical sight.

He cracks his long whip and he whistles a tune,
While he winks at the stars, and he bows to the moon;
And over the tree-tops he drives like the wind,
Leaving the birds of the night far behind.

Ah! here is a picture, oh, children, just look
At the names of the good little girls in his book;
And a long list of names of the good little boys,
Who are careful and never disturb with their noise.

An army he gives to the boy who is neat,
And never is rude, in the house or the street;
And a farm to the boy who goes smiling to school,
Who knows all his lessons, and minds every rule.

For old Santa knows well, who the good children are,
And through his good telescope sees them afar;
And he never is known to forget, or pass by,
No matter how many his searching may spy.

When Christmas eve comes, into bed you must creep,
And late in the night, when you all are asleep
He is certain to come, so your stockings prepare,
And hang them all close to the chimney with care.

I told you his home was up North by the Pole,
In a palace of ice, lives this happy old soul;
And the walls are as bright as the diamonds that shone
In the cave, where Aladdin went in, all alone,

To look for the lamp, which we've often been told
Turned iron and lead, into silver and gold.
His bedstead is made of the ivory white,
And he sleeps on a mattrass of down every night.

For all the day long, he is working his best,
And surely at night, the old fellow should rest,
He uses no candle, for all through the night,
The Polar-star shining, looks in with its light.

He's a funny old chap and quite shy, it would seem,

For I never but once caught a glimpse of his team:
'Twas a bright moonlight night, and it stood in full view,
So seeing it, I can describe it to you.

When Christmas time comes, he will toil like a Turk,
For the cheery old fellow is happy at work.
With his queer-looking team, through the air he will go,
And alight on the houses, all white with the snow;

And into the chimneys will dart in a trice,
When all are asleep, but the cat and the mice;
And he has to be quick, to be through in a night,
For his work must be done ere the coming of light.

Then he'll fill up the stockings with candy and toys,
And all without making a bit of a noise,
There'll be presents for Julia, and Bettie, and Jack,
And plenty more left in the old fellow's sack.

And if Evrie behaves well, and minds what is said,
Quits teazing the cat, and goes early to bed,
He'll find for his present a sled, or a gun,
A ready companion in frolic and fun.

When Christmas is o'er, old Santa Claus goes,
Straight home, and then takes a full week of repose,
And when all the holiday frolics are o'er,
He goes to his shop, and his labors once more.

And all the long years, with his paint and his glue,
He is making new toys, little children for you.
So be glad, and remember to do what you can,
To please and make happy this good little man.

And now, ere the story is ended, we'll give
Three cheers for old Santa Claus, long may he live!
To work for good children, and long may they try
To be good, that he never may pass any by.

Three cheers! for the hero of Santa Claus-ville;
Let us echo them now with a hearty good will.
A cleverer fellow no man ever saw,
So hail to old Santa Claus! Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

A CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

'I suppose you have heard the news,' said Mrs. Howard, as she settled herself for an afternoon chat in Mrs. Snow's cozy sitting room.

Mrs. Howard was one of those bright, social women, who know every lady's business, and, always the first to hear, was active in being the first to tell the news. She knew well enough before she came in, that poor, tired Mrs. Snow had not heard what she had to tell, and so hardly waiting for the quiet word of encouragement from Mrs. Snow, she began her story.

'Yes, Mrs. Grant's oldest son George has come home—the one who has been in the West so long. And it is all true what they say about his great wealth and the rich woman he has married. They are all over there at the old home. A great day for the old folks, I should think, after all their years of grinding poverty, to have such riches come into the family. While he was so hard at work out West, of course he could hardly be expected to think much about his family here; but now he is ready to settle down, I should think he would do something nice for them.'

'I do hope he will,' Mrs. Snow eagerly replied. 'He might do a great deal to help them, and yet I suppose his father would not be happy away from the old place, so there could not be any great change.'

'No, there seems to be no other way than for Abel to keep on in the old way. It is simply out of the question to think of Aunt Sarah living with anyone else, or the old man either, for that matter. I am sorry for Abel. He has had to give up everything for them—property, education, and even marriage. We all know he and Lena Drew would have married long ago, but he could not take her there to live. Poor fellow! It must be hard for him to see George with all his prosperity, and he having nothing.' Mrs. Howard sighed sympathetically, as she contrasted the lot of the two brothers.

'I should hardly say Abel had nothing,' quietly answered Mrs. Snow. 'There is something that is better than gold, you know.'

Mrs. Howard looked inquiringly at her. She often said, 'Mrs. Snow has such peculiar notions, I never knew how to take her.'

As she waited for an explanation, Mrs. Snow softly repated: '"The trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire."'

'I often think that Abel has had the trial of his faith, and has stood the test nobly. There is not even a little child in town that does not love and trust him. It shines out in his face, and even now we can see how grand is his faith. Some day we shall see more clearly than we possibly can now, how precious it is—even "more precious than gold."'

'Oh, yes,' answered Mrs. Howard, a little impatiently, 'we all know how good Abel is, but I do not think a little more gold and a little less disappointment would hurt him in the least. I think such things should be more evenly divided in this world. I cannot see why George should have all the good times and Abel all the hard, if he has grown strong in faith under it all.'

'But do you think George had no hardships to face in his search for gold in the wild West?' asked Mrs. Snow.

'Why, of course not, Mrs. Snow. I have heard a great deal about the dangers and privations of the mining camps. I suppose it was very rough, and almost as much as his life was worth to live as he did, but he has his gold to show for it.'

'So he has,' Mrs. Snow answered, 'and that is all. It still seems to me that Abel is the gainer. I need not ask you which of the brothers you would rather your son would imitate. In those noble qualities which mark the true Christian manhood, Abel is far ahead. He has the true riches that last forever. You think the trials and dangers of the life in the West are well repaid by the money gained. Then why is not Abel more richly repaid, when you must admit he has not suffered in many ways nearly as much as George, and yet he has that which the Bible tells us is better than gold?

'If gold is worth so much—worth the very best days of a man's life, amid every danger imaginable, what must that which is better than the finest gold be worth? It seems to me not quite the thing for a Christian to bestow so much admiration on the man who has gained a little of worldly riches and honor, that there is nothing but pity left for his noble brother.

'No one thinks of pitying George for leaving everything to search for gold, why, then, pity Abel who gave up everything for that which is better than gold? Let us be more consistent with our profession.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Howard, as she rose to leave, 'if all the world thought as you do there would soon be a different state of things. Everybody then would go about watching for all the hard things to do.'

'And so there would be few very hard things for anyone,' added Mrs. Snow, 'and the millennium would dawn.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

WHY FRED DID NOT GO TOBOGGANNING.

(By the Rev. Edward A. Rand.)

Fred Morgan was opening the store in which Tompkins & Company sold so many drygoods. He had started up the fires, swept and dusted, and hung out the well-known placard, 'Goods at Very Reasonable Prices.' Then he went to the rear of the store, and made a thorough inspection of the shelves, to see if the goods thereon were in rows true and even; that the boxes of handkerchiefs on the counter were in order; that a long row of stockings on a line hung down straight as all well-behaved stockings do in every store.

All the while Fred had been busily, seriously thinking. When he reached the door, he looked across the street to this ambitious advertisement of toboggans: 'Have you bought your toboggan for the grand slide Tuesday night?'

'That Toboggan affair! Well, I don't know,' mused Fred. 'I—I—really am undecided. I—I—well, let me think it over.' He went back to the rear of the store, and took up another march of duties that led him down to the front door again, and he was still thinking. Once more he sharply eyed the toboggans. He murmured, 'Freeman Jones' father has a fine lot on hand, and I—I—no, sir!'

That monosyllable 'No' he uttered emphatically as if he meant both letters of it.

'No,' he said again, 'I am not going tobogganing Tuesday night. Tobogganing is all right in its place, but there is something else I ought to do Tuesday night, and I am going to do it. I am going to meeting.'

This all meant that Fred had been very seriously thinking for a number of days that he ought to do his duty and decide to be a Christian, and after the meeting Tuesday night, the pastor said he would gladly meet and talk with any who had made up their minds to serve God.

'I suppose Freeman Jones will have out his toboggan and wonder where I am, but I can't help it,' reflected Fred 'I am going to attend to something else first. I wonder who will go to the meeting, Tuesday night! I wonder if grandmother will go! I have heard mother say that grandmother was one who for long, long years had thought she ought to be a Christian, but somehow she could not seem to get where she really would take that step. Of course, Freeman Jones won't go to the meeting, and he may laugh at me, Wednesday morning. I can't help it, though. It is time for me to settle this thing, and I am going to settle it.'

The meeting Tuesday night was a—rather slim thing, judged by its size. The pastor, though, tried to speak encouragingly, and to keep his heart up in the right place he urged everybody to be decided to follow the Saviour now, but his heart began to sink rapidly like the mercury of the thermometer in a cold wave, for at a second meeting appointed for anyone who wished to talk with him, he did not see a single soul stopping.

'It is awful chilly here,' he murmured.

Feeling half frozen, he rose from his seat in the desk, and was putting on his coat to go home, when he spied a boy down in the front settee hidden from him by the desk. It was Fred Morgan. It took a lot of decision to stay when he was the only one.

'I am going to stay, though,' said Fred, and he gripped the seat with both hands.

He had made up his mind not to leave the place, but to hold on, if he could get anything to hold on to, and he gripped the seat. And what a good time he and the minister had, talking about the Saviour, about loving him now, praying to Him now, serving Him now. Why do you put off loving this dear Saviour? Do we put off loving father and mother?

The pastor got so much interested, so warm over the matter, that his overcoat soon came off.

And whose footstep was soon heard behind him?

If there wasn't Grandmother Morgan!

She had gone off, but soon came back.

'I couldn't help it,' she whispered to the pastor. 'I saw that dear creatur' stoppin', and he was so decided, and I thought p'r'aps that was what I have been wantin' these years, just to be decided, and I hope I've made up my mind now. Yes, it is what I've wanted.'

She was right. It is what most people need more than anything else, decision.

Oh, what a beautiful time that after-meeting was! the Saviour was very nigh. He laid His tender hands on Fred, on Grandmother Morgan, and on the faithful pastor.

And what better days in the church followed that meeting!

You have seen a warm mist come softly into the white, snow-covered valley, and how the ice would be set to melting and the brooks be set to running, and green patches of verdure be uncovered, and lo, as you listened, the song of a bird would break out in the hushed, waiting forests. That was the blessing coming to many hearts, the old ice breaking up, the forces of life stirring, and God's birds singing.

And, Freeman Jones? What about Freeman? He did not laugh at Fred, Wednesday morning.

'I missed you at the slide last night,' he said to Fred.

'Well, Freeman, I'll go with you sometime, but I thought last night I ought to go to meeting, and I stopped after it.'

'You did? Well, Fred, that is where you're right. I've been a thinking of it a lot, and next time I'll join you.'

Freeman kept his word, and God's birds sang in his heart, too.—'Watchman.'

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

(By E. S. Lorenz.)

"They saw the young child with Mary his mother and fell down and worshipped him."—Matt. 2: 11.

'Would I had been at Bethlehem
That happy morn of old,
To bend adoring there with them
Who offer'd gifts and gold!'
If such a joy had then been thine,
With costly gems to part,
Have you offer'd upon his shrine,
That royal gift, your heart?
Have you brought to the Babe of Bethlehem
One star to adorn his diadem?

'Would I had dwelt at Bethlehem
When all the inns were fill'd;
My lowly roof had shelter'd them,
My heart with gladness thrill'd!'
Then do you hear when Jesus calls,
'Open to me your door?'
Have you shelter'd within your walls
His hungry, homeless poor;
Have you sought for some wand'ring soul to gem
The crown of the Babe of Bethlehem?

'How blest to offer rest and food
To his sweet mother mild;
To kneel beside the manger rude
And watch the holy child!'
Still there are friendless children left
To cherish for his sake;
There are mothers forlorn, bereft
Our comfort to partake;
Let us help and protection give to them
For love of the Babe of Bethlehem.

A Christmas Carol

THERE sang twelve sparrows on the wall
At even-fall, at even fall,
When gloomed apace the village doors
Between the silent sycamores,
They heard a sound from mystic chores,
And sang their song for gladness' sake—
The birds of God were all awake.

There lowed twelve oxen at the bin
Behind the inn, behind the inn.
Along the dark, across the lea,
They knew a sign no man could see.
There was a wonder soon to be;
O secret of the sons of Shem!
Who told the beasts of Bethlehem?

There flew twelve angels, clothed in light,
At middle night, at middle night;
With countless peers, of kindred wing
They called, as distant bugles ring,
'Behold the cradle of the King!
The Son of Heaven, the Prince of earth
Becomes a babe of human birth!'

There knelt twelve shepherds at thy head,
O, manger-bed, O, manger-bed;
They watched within thy stony shrine
The miracle of Life divine,
And reverent saw around him shine,
Between the sordid stable-bars,
The lustre of the Star of stars.

Chime, all ye bells of Christendom:
'Thy kingdom come! thy kingdom come!'
For every hour a warning charm,
For every moon a sweet alarm,
For every gate of heaven a psalm;
Nor ring a note of self or sin—
O twelve o'clock, when Yule comes in!

And joy shall hail from clime to clime
At Christmas time, at Christmas time,
Till every life that walks or wings,
And Death itself saluting sings
The Lord of lords, the King of kings;
And all the world shall smile again
With peace on earth, good-will to men.

Theron Brown.

WHAT CAME OF A FLOGGING.

In the neat school-room of Daltry there were many good sayings printed in large letters and hung on the walls. Just over a sliding-press, in which were kept the books, slates, copies, and work of the children, was hung a board on which might be read, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.'

To this board, both master and mistress would point when the hour for closing the school arrived; and woe be to that boy or girl who failed to put slate, book, or work-bag in the right place.

Tom Thornton was a careless boy, and very conceited. He thought it was a great trouble to be obliged to wait till the others had put their things away before he could be off to play.

Accordingly, one day, he was flogged, not more for untidiness than for disobedience to rules. Now, while he felt the rod, and as long as he remembered the disgrace, Tom heartily hated the master, and the school, and the rules, for breaking which he was chastised. 'When I am a big boy, won't I do just what I like, and put things where I please!' he said to himself over and over again; yet, as he had no mind for a second flogging, he was very careful from that day to be as orderly as the board required. And, so strong is the power of habit, that, in time, he became one of the most orderly boys in the school.

When the master had punished Tom, he said to him, 'You will thank me for this, one day, my lad.' Tom thought to himself, 'No, that I won't!' but conceited people are apt to be mistaken.

Tom grew up to be almost a man. He had had two or three places; and at one it was his work to keep a large old office neat, to sweep it, and arrange the things so that they might come to hand readily when looked for.

As he wanted more wages than his employer could give, he left this place for another, where he had been a considerable time when he heard that his old master was dead.

'And his widow is in great trouble,' said the person who told him; 'for, in making up the accounts, she finds that her husband was in debt to some corn-factors a large sum of money. She believes that the money was paid, but she can't prove it, poor thing, so no doubt it will go against her.'

Tom was sorry, for he had always liked his old mistress, and he thought to himself if he had remained with her, there would be no doubt, one way or the other, about the money; 'for I always put the receipts in one drawer,' he said, 'and if there were any to show now, I should have known where to find them; but I know that Dick Harwood, who followed me, put things just as they happened to come.'

A day or two after this he heard that there was to be a sale of his late master's goods. He went up to the house with a feeling of interest, and asked of the old servant how it was matters had come to this pass.

'Well,' she answered, 'it was owing to master's dying so suddenly; and then Dick declared he'd never seen these receipts; and though they've been rummaging in the office, and turned out all the chests and boxes, there's no sign of them.'

Tom stood and considered a little, and then said he wished he could see his mistress. When he was taken into the parlor, he asked if she could tell him what year the accounts belonged to, which she did.

'Then,' he said, 'if you'll let me go into the office I know where they ought to be, for I put all the receipts of that year at the back of the second drawer of the small chest, and so I told my master and Dick.'

His mistress readily consented, and walking up straight to the chest, which he found Dick had filled with his own clothes, old books, and other various things, he, with some difficulty, pulled out the second, which was too full to be closed, and at the back, wedged up tight between the drawer and the chest itself, were the lost papers.

The relief to the widow, though great, hardly exceeded Tom's delight in having thus been able to render her so important a service.

She placed a handsome present in his hand, with which he went straight to the schoolmaster. 'Do you remember flogging me once, sir,' he said, 'for being disorderly, and telling me the time would come when I should thank you for it? I thought I knew better, but you were right and I was wrong. I have come now to thank you heartily for it, and for all you taught me; and I think the least I can do is to offer you the half of this, for I'm sure I owe it all to you.'

The master shook hands with him, better pleased with his frank confession than he could have been with any reward.

'But I think,' said Tom, 'as the board is getting shabby, you might get it painted over again.'

And so the schoolmaster did: a scarlet board, and on it, in letters as bright as gold could make them, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.'

—'Friendly Greetings.'

RHYME OF THE MONTHS.

The old doggerel beginning, 'Thirty days hath September,' is, no doubt, familiar to everyone in one form or another, and I have run across eleven different versions of it. Among all the rhymes of the months and seasons the little skit of Sheridan's giving each month's characteristic, is as good as any I remember. It is as follows:—

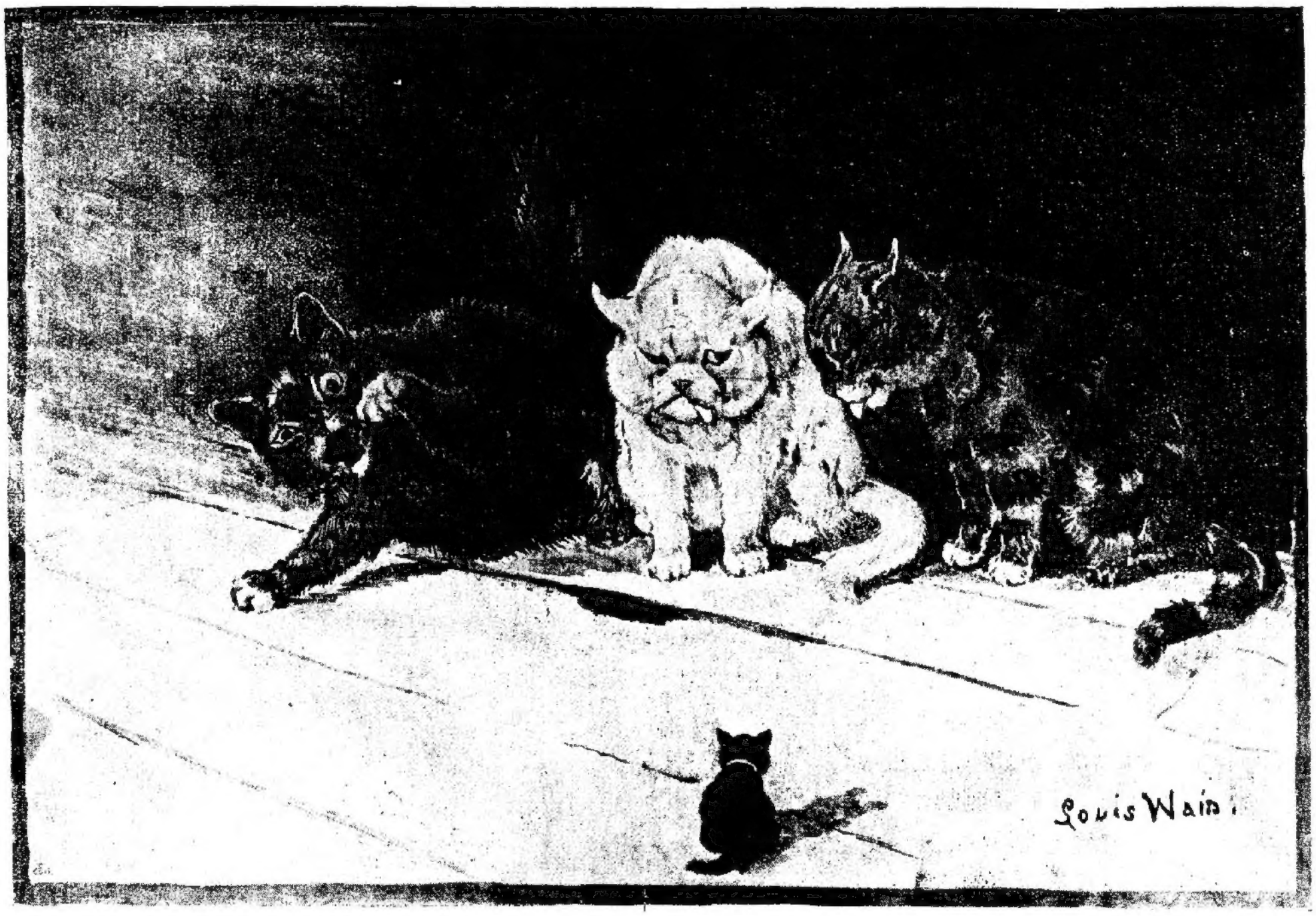
January, snowy; February, flowy; March, blowy;
April, showery; May, flowery; June, bowery;
July, moppy; August, croppy; September, poppy;
October, breezy; November wheezy; December, freezy.

The rhyme and meter are equally good, and the truth wrapped up in each is very plainly to be seen.—'California Christian Advocate.'

CRIME.

A wicked nation is a weak nation. It has heart trouble, internal disease. Sooner or later its weakness will reveal itself and it will fall. Apply the test, says Canon Farrar, to any nation you like, in any age you like, and you will find invariably that the strength of nations depends neither on their gold, nor on their iron, nor on their multitudes, nor on their armies, nor on their ironclads and forts, nor on their trade, nor on anything but the faithfulness of their sons to justice and the moral law. A nation morally corrupt is invariably a nation physically weak. National crime is a thing that God will reckon with.

The saying of the Rev. Charles Gore, at a recent 'living wage' conference, in England, that 'a man's first duty' is not to 'follow his conscience' but to 'enlighten his conscience,' is spoken of as an 'illuminating sentence.'



Four little kittens ran after twelve mice. One mouse went down the hole in the floor. Puzzle: where did the other remaining eleven get to? Find them.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

Our Christmas greetings to our readers speak from every page of this our double Christmas number. First they speak in our new half tone illustrations which are drawn by our own artists and engraved on our own premises, the 'Witness' having just added this department to the many others already under its capacious roof. For the New Year we have a serial story especially for boys a story of soldier life, by Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing. How 'Jackanapes' the son and grandson of a soldier, gave his bright young life for a comrade, is sure to be read eagerly by all. It begins in our next number. In the same number we will begin a series of short, practical, scientific temperance lessons that will be of great value in Bands of Hope and Loyal Temperance Legions. Our Bible competitions are much appreciated by Sunday-school workers. In them valuable prizes are given for careful Bible study. Particulars will also be given early in the New Year.

And now from our readers in return we feel we may safely ask that as the 'Messenger' recommends itself to them they will pass it on to their neighbors who do not yet take it. You do your neighbor a favor as well as us when you secure a new subscriber, for the 'Messenger is the cheapest paper of its kind in the country, and the best. Our premium list sent out with our last number is the most complete we have ever presented. If you have not got one let us know and we will send you one, with sample copies for distribution.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Have you ever thought what a capital New Year's gift the 'Northern Messenger' is? It would be appreciated by relatives and friends far or near, and goes as a pleasant reminder, not only on New Year's day, but twenty-six times a year, calling to mind the thoughtfulness of a dear friend, perhaps far away. The young people especially like to receive and, still more, like to send such a present.

The 'Messenger' will be sent, as a New Year's present, to some other address than your own, and where the 'Messenger' is not now taken, for twenty-five cents per annum—about the price of an ordinary New Year's card—and it is expected that many will order it sent to several new addresses at this rate. As the circulation increases the paper will continue to improve. A very expensive picture plant has just been added, which will soon make the paper take another long stride in its illustrations. Send it to your friends.

DR. CLARK'S BOOK.

Christian Endeavorers everywhere have been interested in hearing of the forty thousand miles journey taken by the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., in the interests of Christian Endeavor work. The volume which tells of this trip is published by Worthington & Co., of Hartford, Conn., and is sold only by subscription. It contains steel plate portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Clark, and two hundred engravings taken mainly from instantaneous photographs, with a large folded map showing the course of the journey. As a book of travels 'Our Journey Round the World' is delightful reading. The party, which consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Clark and their thirteen-year old son, visited India, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Turkey, Italy, France and Spain. The last part of the book is called 'Glimpses of Life in Far off Lands, as seen through a Woman's Eyes.' In it Mrs. Clark relates her experiences, telling especially of the difficulties of travelling in Turkey.

PICTURESQUE CANADA

COUPON FOR PART 18.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

Cut out and send with **4** three cent stamps to Coupon Department 'Northern Messenger' Office, Montreal.

Name _____

P. O. _____

Prov. or State _____

ADVERTISEMENTS.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE COMMON USE OF TOBACCO CONDEMNED BY PHYSICIANS, EXPERIENCE, COMMON SENSE AND THE BIBLE.

Printed on good paper, contains 176 pages, embracing 27 chapters, and is crammed full of startling facts, statistics, statements of eminent medical men, and clear Scriptural information on the subject. Beautifully bound in cloth, with title stamped in gold on front and back, 50 cents. Paper covers, 30c. Agents wanted.

REV. A. SIMS, Uxbridge, Ont.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED—MEN and WOMEN

Hundreds of men and women are now earning $100. *every month* canvassing for the world famous fast selling new book

Our Journey Around THE World

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, *President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.* 220 beautiful engravings. ☞ *The King of all subscription books.* Bright, Pure, Humorous, Instructive, Thrilling, *a library in itself*, it outsells all other books *2-to-one.* Thousands are now waiting for it and agents are making money fast. 3000 more agents wanted. *Now is the time.* ☞ Distance no hindrance, for *We Pay Freight.* Give Credit, Premium Copies, Free Outfit, Extra Terms, and *Exclusive Territory.* Write for Circulars to

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

TRUSSES on 30 Days Trial

Easy, durable and cheap. A radical cure effected. Send for sealed catalogue.

EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure; don't fail to write today. IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 62 Windsor, Ont.

PLEASE MENTION THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER" WHEN REPLYING TO ANY ADVERTISEMENT THEREIN. THIS WILL ALWAYS BE ESTEEMED A FAVOR BY BOTH ADVERTISERS AND PUBLISHERS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. —*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed Editor of the "Northern Messenger."